Princess Peach's Joy Ride
By Yu May

Princess Peach sighed for the hundredth time that afternoon, slumping against the windowsill of her private chamber. Toad Town stretched out below the castle. There was a rainbow of cheerful colors as far as the eye could see: Toads bustled about hanging colored banners and tying ribbons around poles. Beyond the town, Fire Flowers were in full bloom, complementing the blue-green grass of the rolling hills.

But nothing could distract Peach from that horrible, blank sheet of paper. The Council of Elders had already sent her a note laying out the expected talking points for her welcome speech for the upcoming Fireworks Festival. But despite the quickly approaching deadline, Peach was struggling to find anything inspiring in the dull series of bullet points. Peach mumbled in a monotone voice. "Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mushroom Kingdom, Mushroom Kingdom, Mushroom Kingdom, tradition, tradition, tradition, enduring bonds of friendship, recognition of the stalwart courage of the Mario brothers, quick hat tip to the fireworks team, let the show begin."

She knew exactly what was required of her, but it it all felt so insipid. It needed something. A literary quotation, a personal story, some *pathos!*

She could practically hear her own voice droning on while the crowd politely clapped and the fireworks waited.

She needed to take a walk.

Wandering the castle halls to escape her thoughts, Peach found herself in the royal armory. Sunlight shone through the high slanted windows onto polished suits of armor and neatly arranged power-ups behind glass cases.

Her eyes stopped on one item in particular: a single, striped Tanooki Leaf resting on a velvet cushion, its fuzzy tail-like stem fluttering faintly, even though there was no breeze.

A slow smile crept across her face. Just one quick flight. No one would know.

She remembered her father's stern voice: "Under no circumstances are you to take to the skies without the Royal Toad Guard, young lady. It is not proper, and it is not safe."

But that was when she had been a very little girl. She'd flown with the power of a Tanooki Leaf plenty of times since then, on her madcap adventures with the Mario Bros.

Peach watched her hands slipped the leaf from its case, feeling like she was a puppet attached to strings. The moment her fingers closed around it, golden sparkles danced across her gown. She gave it a gentle shake.

Poof!

Instantly, the familiar Tanooki suit enveloped her. Peach felt the fuzzy ears, and gave her fluffy new, ringed tail an experimental swish, then dashed to the nearest balcony. With a running leap, she soared into the open sky.

She heard the wind rushing past her. She laughed out loud, looping through clouds and skimming over the treetops of the Mushroom Forest.

For the first time in days, she felt alive. She twirled, dove, and rose again, the kingdom a colorful patchwork far below.

Then she heard the shouts. A cluster of Toads in the plaza below were pointing up at her, shouting.

“Look! Up there!”

“Is that… the Princess?”

Peach’s ears flattened. “Shoot, if word of this gets back to Toadsworth…”

Peach didn’t want to dwell on it. She’d be grounded for a week, at the very least. Toadsworth might even send her to his office for…

Peach gulped at the memory of her last trip to Toadsworth’s private office.

She tried to bank away toward the hills, but in her panic, her movements were too jerky. As she tried to course correct aiming for the window of her private chamber, but she cut too close to the royal parade grounds, and her tail clipped the tall flagpole flying the Mushroom Kingdom banner.

Crack!

The pole teetered, then toppled, carrying Peach down along with it. Peach gasped in terror, and twisted to see the stone ground rushing to greet her. Peach twisted, and spun her tail to slow her plummet, but she forgot about the pole.

The pole slammed down across a banner bearing the words, “Welcome to the Fireworks Festival, Mario Bros!” with such force, it tore the banner off its supports and sank deep into the ground, tearing it free from the two ribboned poles on either side.

Did you ever play with a spring doorstop as a child, holding it back and letting it go with a delightful *“SPROING!”* That was exactly the sound the two poles made as the snapped back and forth wildly. Then they reverberated up and out of the ground, and flopped down. This

created a chain reaction as every pole connected to the long ribbon collapsed and fell like dominos.

Toads scrambled in every direction, screaming, then carefully poked their heads out to examine the damage. The royal flag of the Mushroom Kingdom fluttered sadly to the ground, and landed in a mud puddle.

“Oh no…” Peach whispered, ears drooping. She landed hastily behind the castle, the Tanooki suit vanishing in another puff of sparkles as the Leaf’s power faded. She tucked the leaf back into her gown and hurried inside, heart hammering.

***

Peach sat fidgeting on a small wooden bench outside the royal throne room, knees together, hands folded tightly in her lap. The muffled voices of the Council of Elders drifted through the door. Every so often she caught a few words.

“... flagpoles in ruins…”

“... witnesses swear it was Her Highness…”

Peach stared at the floor, cheeks burning with guilt. She certainly wasn’t bored any more. But as she felt the heavy knot of dread in her stomach, Peach wished she could be bored again.

She could already picture the lecture, the disappointed sighs from the Council, and the very real possibility that her festival speech would now include a few extra paragraphs apologizing her her escapade.

She let out a tiny, choked sigh.

It had been far too short a short joy ride.

Princess Peach looked up as the heavy oak door creaked open. Toadsworth stepped out, his wrinkled face calm but serious, and fixed his spectacles.

“Your Highness, the Council has other matters to discuss relating to the… regrettable incident. Come with me. You and I need to have a discussion in my office.”

Peach stood, and bowed low. “I’m so sorry, Toadsworth. I was bored and… and I didn’t think. I never meant to cause such a mess.”

“So, you admit to it?”

Peach’s throat felt tight. “Yes, sir. I’m so sorry.”

Toadsworth took her hand in his, and led her toward his office. “I am not angry with you, my Princess. But what you did was wrong. You defied your father’s clear orders, endangered yourself, and damaged royal property. Now you must answer for it.”

“Yes, sir. I promise I’ll do whatever it takes to make things right.”

“That’s the spirit… And I will hold you to that promise, Princess.”

A few minutes later, the other four members of the Council of Elders arrived, filing into Toadsworth’s study.

Peach examined their faces. Only old Captain Toadster looked even slightly sympathetic. In fact, he looked like he was desperately fighting the temptation to burst out laughing. The other two elders were studiously silent. But Professor Toadsky looked even more grumpy than usual, with his permanently furrowed brow. He jabbed a finger at Toadsworth, his toothbrush mustache quivering. “How in the stars was the Princess able to get out of the castle unsupervised?”

Toadsworth nodded. “The fault is mine. I neglected to keep the power-ups under lock and key..”

Old Captain Toadsky snickered. “Though I suppose it wouldn’t be the first time Princess Peach has swan dived out of the window of a castle tower. Say, remember the time when Bowser attacked with–”

Professor Toadsky barked. “I’m not interested in waxing nostalgic. What sort of *punishment* is being considered for this reckless behavior?”

His eyes narrowed at Peach. “In my view, a public flogging with a rod is the only fitting response. Let the kingdom see that even royalty is not above the law!”

Toadsworth raised a hand. “Professor Toadsky, while I agree the Princess acted improperly, a public flogging would be cruel and unusual. It would reflect poorly on the Crown and undermine the very dignity we seek to uphold. There are wiser ways to teach this lesson.”

Toadsky harrumphed. “So it’s to be a slap on the wrist for her Royal Highness?”

Toadsworth turned to Peach, his tone kind but firm. “Princess, what do you think? Is a slap on the wrist a suitable punishment for what you did?”

Peach swallowed, cheeks flushed with shame. “I can pay for the damages out of my private allowance. And… I do think I deserve a spanking for what I did. But please, if it must be done, let Toadsworth conduct my caning in private.”

The other four Elders murmured among themselves. After a tense minute, Toadsky crossed his arms. “We will accept the private paddling, but only if the Council is permitted to witness it. Don’t think you can pull the old stunt where you promise to cane her behind close doors, and whack a pillow instead. We must ensure Peach’s caning is carried out properly and *thoroughly.*”

Peach clenched her fists. “Toadsworth would never do that! He is a man of his word!”

Toadsworth held up a hand. “Thank you, your Highness, but Professor Toadsky is right. It is only appropriate for us to bring this matter before King Toadstool… Princess Peach, I must ask you to fetch the Royal Star Rod, to be used for your chastisement.”

Peach took a steadying breath, then gave a graceful curtsy. The Royal Star Rod was an exact replica of the sacred relic of the Shine Sprites, given as a gift to the royal family as a symbol of their heavenly right to the throne and to spank the royal bottoms of royal heirs to that throne. To be spanked with Royal Star Rod was a humiliation reserved for only the worst of offenses. And worst of all… it possessed magical stinging powers. Peach forced herself to hold her head high, and curtsey. “If that is the Council’s decision, then I submit to its judgment.”

Toadsworth nodded solemnly. “Very well. Princess, please meet us in the Royal Throne Room in ten minutes. I will inform your father of the Council’s decision.”

“Yes, Toadsworth,” Peach replied softly. She turned and walked down the long corridor toward the armory, her steps slow and dejected. Though she was grateful for Toadsworth’s compassion and steady guidance, her stomach was churning, and she felt a cold sweat. In the armory, she saw the same suits and power-ups she’d wanted to play with, only just this morning. Now, the only thing in the room that commanded her attention was the imposing shape of the Star Rod. Peach felt its heavy weight in her hands.

She knew exactly what was coming next: a bare bottom spanking in front of her beloved father, and all his closest advisors. The castle halls felt like they stretched on and on forever in front of her.

***

The heavy doors of the Royal Throne Room swung open. King Toadstool sat upon the grand throne, looking even smaller and frailer than usual beneath his oversized crown. Toadsworth stood at his side, while the other four Elders formed a quiet semicircle nearby.

“Peach-pie?” the King said in his quavering voice. “What’s all this I’m hearing about? Something about… flying? And playing dominos?”

Toadsworth leaned close to the King's ear and spoke clearly. "Your Majesty, the Princess took a Tanooki Leaf without permission. She caused quite a commotion in the parade grounds—knocked over the flagpoles like dominoes."

The King blinked slowly, cupping a hand to his ear. "Eh? Flagpoles? …Ah. So those were the dominoes. Oh, dearie me."

The wrinkles on his prunish face softened. King Toadstool let out a long, tired sight. "Peach, my dear… that was very naughty. You mustn't fly off alone. Come here now. Papa spank."

Peach approached the throne, heart heavy. "Yes, Father."

The elderly King patted his lap with a trembling hand. "Lie across my knee, child. I want you to know, I love you, even when I have to spank you."

Peach nodded. "I know, Daddy. And I love you."

Her cheeks burning with shame, Peach draped herself over her father's lap, lifting the pooling skirts of her gown to reveal her frilly pink bloomers. The King's hand rose and fell in a series of gentle, half-hearted smacks.

The love pats barely stung, but not for lack of effort on King Toadstool's part. Once, he could have spanked Princess to tears with only three hard swats. But the King's old strength of arm had long since faded.

Yet with every light swat, Peach's mind replayed the disastrous events of the day in her mind's eye. She remembered how appealing the soft Tanooki Leaf had felt in her hand. She heard the crash of the flagpoles, the startled cries of the Toads below, and felt the same disappointment she had heard in Toadsworth's and her father's voices. The physical sting was nothing compared to the knowledge that she had let her father down.

After a few minutes of weakly peppering Peach's panty-clad behind, the King stopped. "There, there… That's enough from me, I think. Toadsworth will have to handle you the rest. The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be…"

Toadsworth bowed respectfully. "As you wish, Your Majesty."

The King nodded absent-mindedly, singing to himself. "...ain't what she used to be, ain't what she–eh–oh, yeah, please proceed, Councillor Toadsworth. I entrust the matter of disciplining my daughter to your capable hands."

Toadsworth turned to Peach, his expression resolute. "Princess, you will bare your bottom, hoist your skirts fully, and bend over to grasp your ankles. Because you were old enough to know better, I have decided you will receive twenty strokes in total, one for your misdeed, and one

extra for each of your nineteen years. That should suffice to serve as a lasting reminder. If you leave position or struggle, that stroke will not count, and must be repeated. Do you understand?"

Peach whispered. "Yes, sir."

She handed Toadsworth the Star Rod, its magical surface glowing faintly with power, and thought with a shiver how its enchanted sting would make this far worse than any ordinary spanking. Then, cheeks burning with humiliation, she lifted the hem of her royal gown and petticoats, baring her smooth, peach-shaped backside to the watching Elders. Finding the button at the back of her dress, Peach pinned her skirts in place, and took a steady stance in the center of the throne room.

Bending low at the waist, Peach grabbed tight to her ankles, and held the position. The cool air of the throne room brushed against her exposed skin, tickling her flesh, and she felt the peach fuzz on her bottom standing on end.

Peach was acutely aware of how her fully exposed rear end was now poking high in the air, prominent for all to see.

Her only small comfort was the knowledge that this was not happening in front of the entire assembled Mushroom Kingdom. It was bad enough to know that just the Elders, her father, and Toadsworth would witness her shame.

Toadsworth tapped the Star Rod once against Peach's buttocks, and the decorative star sparkled to life with warm light. Toadsworth's voice was calm. "Hold steady, Princess. This is going to sting. I expect you to count each stroke, to acknowledge that you are ready to receive the next one."

Peach bit her lip. Thanks to the warmth of the magic, even those light, gentle love taps felt like a hundred white hot needles pressing against her buttocks.

Slowly, Toadsworth raised the Star Rod high, and brought it down with a swift, deliberate snap.

Thwack!

Peach gasped, stunned by the sharp, magical sting that bloomed across her bare bottom. Then she remembered her instructions to keep count. "One!"

As the agonizing seconds dragged on, Peach felt the lingering impact from the Star Rod's power, like a tight bundle of electric sparks dancing across her skin. Hot, prickling, and far sharper than either wood or leather ever achieve.

Whack!

Peach gasped. “Two!”

Toadsworth paced the caning slowly, using measured precision to make each blow hurt in its own right, even without the added effect of the magic. Peach had just enough time between each spank to feel the full effect, and fight to catch her breath and keep count, before the next merciless stroke arrived.

By the fifth stroke Peach was already breathing harder, her knuckles white around her ankles.

Thwap!

“Six…!”

Snap!

“Seven…!”

Smack!

“Eight—Aaiiee!”

Peach started to count the eighth stroke, but when the magical sting flared to life, it caught Peach off guard. She flinched, one foot slipping forward, and started to reach her hands for her bottom, before she caught herself. Her hands froze in midair. She could actually feel heat radiating in waves from her glowing, shining backside.

Toadsworth’s voice was stern. “Princess Toadstool. Reassume the position immediately. That stroke will not count. Hold tight to your ankles, and keep your legs straight.”

Blushing furiously, Peach bent back over, gripping her ankles until her fingers ached. “Yes, sir…”

Toadsworth lowered the Star Rod and strolled in a circle around Peach. “You still had another twelve strokes to go. That number is now thirteen. Do not make this harder on yourself.”

Peach’s heart sank. *“Only eight? I’m not even halfway…”* she thought.

Toadsworth looked Peach in the eye. “Take a moment to catch your breath and compose yourself, Princess. Then, steady your stance, and raise your hips as high as you can, to properly present your fundament for your much-needed chastisement.”

She drew in a shaky inhale, trying to compose herself. As the burning warmth settled deep into her throbbing gluteus maximus, a new thought drifted through her mind. Twenty strokes total:

one to represent each of her nineteen years, plus one to represent her coming twentieth birthday.

It seemed strangely fitting, almost poetic. Peach was only a year and a half away from being old enough to inherit the throne. But if she was ever to become Queen, she needed to earn the trust of her people.

Fighting to catch her breath, Peach bowed her head to her knees, not wanting to look Toadsworth in the eyes.

Toadsworth strolled back into position behind Peach, and tapped the Star Tod against her behind. “Shall we continue?”

Peach closed her eyes, and felt two tear drops dripping down her face. She thought about the pain in her aching bottom, as if it was an interesting object outside of herself. A masterful painting on the wall of her private chamber. A portrait of a chastised princess.

Peach whimpered. “Yes, sir… I am ready to be spanked.”

Toadsworth wasted no time, and delivered the next blow.

Crack!

“Eight!” Peach cried out, concentrating on keeping her count correctly. The magical sting was building now, layer upon layer of hot, prickling fire that refused to fade between strokes.

“How could I have been so foolish?” she thought, teeth clenched. *“Just because I was bored… There’s no excuse for behaving like a selfish brat!”*

Thwap!

“Nine!”

How disappointed would Mario and Luigi be if they saw Peach like this? Bottom bare like a naughty child, bent over in this absurd pose. And if Daisy ever found out that Peach still got spanked at her age… Peach wondered if Daisy would tease her, or feel pity for her. She didn’t know which option would be more humiliating. Her eyes stang, her face flushed red, as hot and livid as the marks left by the Royal Star Rod itself, burning deep into her blazing buttocks.

Thwick!

“Ten!”

Thwup!

Peach choked. Finally, she was halfway there. “Eleven!”

She would never act so selfish and reckless again. Never ever.

Peach and Toadsworth fell into a steady rhythm. The cane strokes were inescapable, but not unendurable.

By the time Toadsworth reached the final three, Peach was trembling. Her legs shook, her fingers slippery against her ankles as she fought to hold position.

Peach glanced up and caught a glimpse of the stained-glass window at the opposite end of the throne room. It depicted Peach, holding her hands in prayer. *“Please, God, give me strength. Just a little more…”*

Thwap!

“Aaw! Eighteen! Oooh!” She let out a choked sob, but gripped her ankles tight.

Thwack!

“Oh! Nineteen! Aaauuu!” Fresh tears pricked her eyes, and this time, they streamed down freely, like waterfalls. Her whole body quivered, but Peach thought only of holding her bottom high. She had failed in her duty as a Princess. This spanking needed to be done.

Wha-crack!!

Peach craned her neck, and screeched. “Twen-neeeee!!”

Then, she slumped her head forward, loosing her grip on her ankles. Peach wanted to hold her head high and proud, like a Princess should. But that option had been taken away from her. She had sinned, and now, she must pay the price of her transgression: her dignity.

But at the very least, she could still keep her buttocks held high, like a Princess should.

Toadsworth brushed the Star Rods in gentle circles across Peach’s bottom, rekindling the earlier smarting stinging sensation.

Peach’s head swam as she heard several voices having a whispered conversation around her. Perhaps she had been judged as lacking in grace and poise, and her punishment would have to start over, from the very beginning? *“God, thank you for granting me the grace of this punishment. Please, let this pain be my guide. Amen.”*

Finally, Toadsworth lowered the Star Rod. “You may stand, Princess… You took your punishment bravely.”

Peach rose on shaky legs, and quickly fumbled with trembling hands to lower her skirts. Her bottom ached with a deep, throbbing, angry heat that promised to linger for hours.

King Toadstool leaned forward on his throne, and wiped a tear from his eye. “You have been punished enough, Peachy. But you will still have to write a formal apology, my dear. And you will deliver it as part of your public address at the Fireworks Festival. Your people must see that their Princess accepts the responsibility of her station.”

Peach curtsied, ignoring the pain, and smiled softly. “Yes, Father. I promise I will do my best.”

King Toadstool nodded approvingly. “Then off to your room now, Princess. Reflect on today.”

***

Once alone in her chambers, Peach carefully lowered herself onto the downy pillow she’d placed on her work seat, wincing as her smarting bottom pressed the soft cushion.

The initial hot sting had dulled to a numb, icy ache.

She reached for her quill and parchment, already composing the words of her apology in her mind.

This time, she thought with quiet determination, she would give the speech everything she had. No more shortcuts. No more excuses. The Mushroom Kingdom deserved a Princess who could be trusted, and she was going to prove she could be exactly that.

Peach smiled, and got to work.

[The End]